THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2487 *Tuesday, Dec.* 1, 1829. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

YESTERDAY, about noon, bills were posted at the doors of this Theatre, stating, that an Injunction having been granted by the Lord Chancellor to restrain Mr. Kean from performing at Drury Lane, the Manager was under the necessity of changing the Play; therefore, *Pizarro* would be substituted for *Richard the Third;* but, as an application would be immediately made to the Lord Chancellor to dissolve the Injunction, the Manager confidently hoped that Mr. Kean would be permitted to perform on Wednesday evening. We regret exceedingly that this unpleasant difference should have occurred between Mr. Kean and Mr. Kemble, and could have wished that Kean had waved his right (if he considered it such,) of playing on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, especially as he came to town avowedly for the purpose of benefiting Covent Garden by the exertion of his great talent, gratuitously. Had he been to have been paid for his performances, he might then, with a better grace, have stood out for his own nights; we must not, however, censure him until we have *his* account of this strange termination of his charitable offer. The Play of *Pizarro* was very well acted. Wallack, as *Rolla,* was eminently successful, and was warmly applauded throughout. Mr. H. Wallack played *Pizarro* better than any thing he has done except his *Major O'Simper.* Mrs. Faucit, her daughter, and Mr. Cooper, were efficient representatives of *Elvira, Cora,* and *Alonzo.* After the Play, *The Brigand* was repeated.—The house was full at half price. When Mr. Cooper gave out the Play for this evening, some half dozen voices from the gallery cried out, "Kean, Kean!"—This was met with hisses, and was soon discontinued.

Covent Garden Theatre.

THE combined attraction of Miss Fanny Kemble's *Juliet,* and the first performance of *Black Ey'd Susan,* at this Theatre, last night, drew an audience so numerous as to crowd the house from the floor to the ceiling, while some hundreds were refused admission at the doors. The Tragedy was frequently interrupted by the squabbles of the galleries, and it was not until the deep interest excited by Mr. T. P. Cooke's inimitable performance of *William,* silenced the brawlers, that tolerable quiet was obtained. Mr. Cooke has played this character at the Surrey Theatre for 150 nights, and he is understood to have given his services gratuitously to this Theatre for six nights, but from the extraordinary enthusiasm shewn by the house, last night, we should imagine, that if he is to be obtained at any price, the managers will do

well to give the inhabitants of those regions who are not supposed, except on particular emergencies, to visit the vicinity of the Surrey, an opportunity of witnessing, we will unhesitatingly say, the very finest specimen of nautical and melo-dramatic acting ever exhibited on the stage. Whether we consider Mr. Cooke's portrait of the English Sailor in his gay or distressed moments, the illusion is alike perfect; and we cannot pay it a higher compliment than to state, that even ourselves, hackneyed as we must necessarily be supposed to be in these matters, were fairly compelled, after sundry wry faces, to blubber with the rest of the house. Mr. Cooke deserves that his country should erect a statue to his honour: his portrait of the British Tar would create Sailors, and we are quite sure that in the event of a war, *Black Eyed Susan* would supersede the necessity of press-gangs. At the conclusion, Mr. Cooke was called for, and never was the compliment more richly deserved: he announced the piece for repetition amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the house. The piece is well got up, and the other characters are very efficiently sustained.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor, I address you from the Cigar Divan, King-street, Covent Garden, having just popt in to take a cup of Coffee, whiff a true Havannah, kill an hour over one or two of the Morning and Evening Papers—skim the Magazines, and play a game of Chess—delightful place——Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

On Monday, must take another peep at the two new views, at the Diorama, Regent's Park—was puzzled to decide which was the most beautiful, St. Peter's, or the Village of Thiers—both exquisitely painted—the pictorial illusion complete—the water flowing, smoke ascending, sun shining—quite nature itself.—Had difficulty to persuade a fair lady next me, that we were really viewing merely pictures. Shall put off my journey to Italy, as I'm told, *sub rosa*, we shall have other views from that classic soil; and if as good as St. Peter's will satisfy me.

On Tuesday, I drop into the Exhibition of Sculpture, in Old Bond Street, to view the figures, life size, of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny—work of a self-taught artist, James Thom—delighted beyond measure—fully expected to hear Tam's uproarious laugh—the expression so perfect; *posse* of figures admirable. Whoever has read Burns, (and who has not?) must see them—This very ingenious Exhibition closes in the course of a few weeks.

On Wednesday, previous to visiting 'Change, I step into the Paul's Head Assembly Rooms, Cateaton Street—inspect the magnificent Exhibition of Musical and Mechanical Automa—Two Automaton Trumpeters, as large as life, Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Rope Dancer, Magician, Walking Figure, a magnificent Vase, made by order of Napoleon, Birds, Beasts, &c.

On Friday, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

I daily, between 1 and 4, qualify Mrs. Pry's discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found at *The Apollonicon*, 101, St. Martin's Lane.—Market and Fishermen's Chorus, from the Opera of Masaniello, enchanting!

'Bring me, my love, a bottle of *Godfree's* all potent,' thus I exclaim after my day's perambulation—I toast my King 'God bless him'—Mrs. P. sips, smiles, and declares, the Wines from the *London and Westminster Mart*, inspire her—she delights me with Moore's Planxty, 'Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,' &c.—but I intrude—beg pardon. Your's, PAUL PRY.

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All Communications must be post paid.—Printing in General.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, (3d time) a new Historical Drama, (with Music) (altered from The Wanderer) called

The Royal Fugitive;

Or, The Rights of Hospitality.

Duke William, Mr EGERTON,
Prince Charles.....Mr WARDE,
Duke of Athol, Mr DIDDEAR,
Col. Cope, Mr BLANCHARD, Allan, Mr ATKINS,
General Campbell, Mr WOOD,
Sandy, Mr J. RUSSELL, Donald, Mr HOLL,
Serjeant, Mr MEARS, James, Mr TURNOUR,
Duchess of Athol.....Miss ELLEN TREE,
Flora Macdonald, Miss CAWSE.

After which, (5th time) a new Ballet, called

PATRICK'S RETURN.

Dermot, Mr D'ALBERT, Darby, Mr F. SUTTON,
Father Luke, Mr TURNOUR, Captain Fitzroy, Mr J. COOPER,
Patrick, Miss RYALS,
Norah, Mrs BEDFORD, Kathlane, Mrs VEDY,

After which, (2d time at this Theatre) the Nautical Drama o

Black Eyed Susan;

Or, 'All in the Downs.'

Admiral, Mr EGERTON, Captain Crostree, Mr DIDDEAR,
Raker, Mr HORREBOW, Hatchet, Mr EVANS,
Doggrass, Mr BLANCHARD, Jacob Twig, Mr TURNOUR,
Gnatbrain, Mr MEADOWS, Seaweed, Mr HENRY,
Blue Peter, Mr WOOD, in which Character he will sing the Ballad of
"*BLACK EYED SUSAN.*"
William, (*with an introduced Song*) Mr T. P. COOKE,
Lieutenant Pike, Mr BAKER, Second Lieutenant, Mr IRWIN,
Quid, Mr FULLER, Ploughshare, Mr MEARS.
Black Eyed Susan, MissE. TREE, Dolly Mayflower, Mrs J. HUGHES.

New Scenery.

Scene 1 View near Deal (T. Grieve)—2 The Town of Deal—3 Black Eyed Susan's Cottage (Grieve)—4 Country near Deal (W.Grieve) 5 Smuggler's Cave (Grieve)—6 View of the Downs—7 View near Deal (T. Grieve)—*A Double Hornpipe, by Mr T. P. Cooke and Mrs Vedy*—8 The State Cabin (Finley)—9 Naval Court Martial and Trial of William—10 Between Decks (Finley)—11 The Quarter Deck, with the Scaffold, rigged out between the Cat-Head and Fore Rigging (Grieve).

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, (2d time) a New Comedy, in 5 Acts, called

Follies of Fashion.

Lord Splashton, Mr WALLACK,
Sir Harry Lureall..... Mr JONES,
Counter, Mr W. FARREN,
Sir Simon Foster.....Mr W. BENNETT,
George Foster, Mr COOPER,
Major O'Simper.....Mr H. WALLACK.
Lady Splashton, Miss MORDAUNT,
Emily, Mrs NEWCOMBE, Jenny, Mrs ORGER,
Mrs Counter, Mrs GLOVER,
Lady Mary Fretful.....Miss FAUCIT,
Flimsy, Mrs WEBSTER.

A PROLOGUE to be spoken by Mr. COOPER,
And an EPILOGUE by Miss MORDAUNT.

After which, a new Divertisement, called

THE VINTAGE.

Principal Dancers—Miss ANGELICA,
Miss Ryal, Misses Macdonald, Ballin, Chikini, M'Henry,
Vallancy, Gear, Webster, Claire. Messrs. Wieland, Chikini,
Bartlett, Baker.

After which, a new Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

Prince Bianchi, (Governor of Rome,) Mr W. FARREN,
Albert, } Students of the French Academy { Mr H. WALL ACK
Theodore, } of Painting, { Mr J. VINING,
Nicolo, Mr WEBSTER, Fabrio, Mr HUGHES,
Count Caraffa, Mr. C. JONES, Cardinal-Secretary, Mr FENTON,
Alessandro Massaroni, (The Brigand Chief,) Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, (his Lieutenant,) Mr BEDFORD,
Spoletto.....Mr BLAND, Carlotti.....Mr YARNOLD,
Matteo, Mr Howell, Officer, Mr Cathie, Servant, Mr Honner,
Brigands—Messrs. Barnes, Bartlett, Wielend, Robinson, Gifford,
Ashton, Walsh, East, Nelson, Eaton, Henshaw, Sheriff, &c.
Ottavia, (Prince Bianchi's Niece,) Miss FAUCIT,
Maria Grazie, (the Brigand's Wife,) Mrs W. BARRYMORE.

New Scenery by Messrs. Marinari, Andrews, Standfield.

The Summit of Mount Guadagnola, with the Mediterranean in the Distance.
Remains of a Temple near Genzano. View from the Terrace of the Sala of the Villa and Gardens, by Moonlight.